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four illustrations; A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, by the author of "Fair Gartney's Girlhood," one illustration; The First May Flowers, by Kate Putnam, one illustration; Mother Magpie's Mischief, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, one illustration; Spring Song, by Rose Terry; The Four Seasons, by Lucretia Hale, four illustrations; A Tennessee Farm House, by J. T. Trowbridge, one illustration; The Dew Fairies, by Margaret T. Cady, one illustration; Round the Evening Table, with various illustrations, and "Our Letter Box."

### THE BIRD'S QUESTION.

Behind us at our evening meal  
The gray bird ate his fill,  
Swung downward by a single claw,  
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,  
And set his head aslant,  
And, in his sharp, impatient way,  
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck  
Your head beneath your wing  
And go to sleep";—but o'er and o'er  
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said:  
How like are men and birds!  
We all are saying what he says  
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,  
The girl with hoop and doll,  
And men with lands and houses, ask  
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more  
We fain the bag would cram;  
We sigh above our crowded nets  
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven  
The vague desire can stay;  
Self-love is still a Tartar mill  
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all;  
He knoweth all our wants;  
And what we blindly ask of Him  
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers  
Might well be merged in one;  
And nest and perch and hearth and church  
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Our very readable contemporary, the *Home Journal*, lately gave copies of three original notes from three eminent men which, to some extent, merit the title of literary curiosities. A gentleman and scholar, deeply interested in the subject of education, prepared a work on it, and desiring to enlist in the cause those who, by their prominent position, might win for it a favorable hearing, solicited permission to dedicate his book to Lord Brougham, one of the greatest students of the age. The veteran orator and publicist declined in the following suggestive note:

"GRAFTON STREET, LONDON,  
August 2d, 1841. }

"Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. F——n, and thanks him for his kind inten-

tion; but is under the necessity of declining the honor which he proposes to him, and begs he would dedicate his work to some one who would be likely to have it more in his power to assist in its circulation, as the subject is one of very great importance.

"C——T F——G——N, Esq."

Sir Robert Peel was next approached, and he, too, in a very business style, declined.

"DRAYTON MANOR, Augt. 3rd, 1841.

"SIR,—I trust that you will excuse me, if in conformity with the principles on which I act in similar cases, I beg leave respectfully to decline the compliment which you propose in your note of the 31st July.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"C. F——N, Esq."

Not disheartened, the individual who had the work to dedicate, laid siege to the old hero, the Duke of Wellington, but he had taken a vow against the encroachments of dedicators.

"WALMER CASTLE, August 11th, 1841.

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. F——n, and has received his note.

"About twenty-six years have elapsed since the Duke found himself under the necessity of resolving that he would never give a formal permission that any work whatever should be dedicated to him. He has never departed from that resolution.

"He is much concerned that he cannot accept the honor proposed to him" by Mr. F——n.

"C——T F——N, Esq."

These notes are really interesting, because they are very characteristic. No one can fail to perceive the advantage of the literary man over the political leader and the military chief. "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington's" note is a very mighty affair, full of "pomp and circumstance." Peel's is a formally, cold, polite, and political "don't bother me," but Brougham's is a warm and kindly production, showing appreciation of the subject, and a desire to further it. No notes were ever more strikingly characteristic, and it is pleasant to see the superiority of head and heart displayed by the literary man in contrast to even the first soldier and most prominent statesman of the day in Great Britain.

Some time ago the rumor was prevalent in London literary circles that Alfred Tennyson stood in a fair way of being created a baronet by Queen Victoria. The fact that the latter had been "very much touched" by the laureate's dedication of "The Idyls of the King" to his lady mistress; and that the stock phrases with which the memory of Prince Albert is popularly associated, such as "Great and Good," "Silent Father," and so forth, were supplied by it, gave some additional room for speculation on the realization of the rumor.

Canvassing the said rumor, the "Flaneur" of the London *Star* furnished some little reminiscences of another literary gentleman who received a baronetcy, and between whom and the laureate have passed some "paper pellets." Should the dignity be conferred, (says he), Sir Alfred will be like his own Sir Walter, "no little lily-handed baronet," but "a great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman." To the word "genial" one may say "query." Sir Alfred Tennyson will be the second living writer on whom a baronetcy has been conferred for his genius, and how pleased the other literary baronet will be! I wonder, when the news comes

ringing through the avenue at Knebworth, whether Sir E. B. L. will remember how in his "New Timon" he wrote about

"The jingling melody of purloined conceits,  
Out-babbling Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats,"

How he talked about "School miss Alfred," and complained that the government "pensions Tennyson while it starves a Knowles." I imagine he will not have forgotten the reply!—the delicious epithet—"the padded man that wears the stays"—

"Who killed the girls and kicked the boys  
With dandy pathos when you wrote;  
A Lyon, yes, that made a noise,  
And shook a mane *en pampillottes*."

He will remember how it was declared that "half his little soul was dirt," how one saw the "old marks of rouge upon his cheeks," &c. Oh! if ever these two literary Barts. are brought together, what a happy meeting it will be!

In the course of a lengthy article on Savage's "Faith and Fancy," the *Nashville Republican Banner* gives a glimpse of the author, which naturally commands a niche in our literary personal column:

"In the palm and high noon of old Washington, when clubs were allowable and people had not learned to hate each other as they do now-a-days—society possessed no one more favorite or more brilliant than John Savage. He was a young Irishman, and found his way to America without going round-about through Van Dieman. Arrived in New York, he devoted himself to art and literature, ran away with the daughter of a commodore, printed a history and a book of verse, and finally was called to the capital to do the leading writing upon the most versatile, spirited, and ill-fated newspaper ever published in that city. As a journalist, he combined a variety of qualifications—a bright, vigorous, and flexible style, a keen, and acute observance, amazing industry, and availability. His leading editorials, his piquant paragraphs, his gossiping sketches were alike notable, readable, and effective. But he was most showy as a convivialist—sang the best and rarest of Irish songs—told the choicest and freshest stories—with the culture and chastity of a scholar, poet, and gentleman. He was a dramatist, too, as well as a man of the world—a wit, without being a wag. His plays, especially one of them—kept the boards sufficiently to class him among successful writers for the stage. In short, he had no superior for brilliancy and versatility at that time, and was fortunate enough to escape the ordeal of excessive lionization, unspoiled." As a poet, the critic judges Mr. Savage with generous but analytical approval. He thinks "Faith and Fancy" a sound book of poems, with "a deal more of healthful tone and out-door vigor in the composition than one finds commonly at present." "Shane's Head," "Washington," "Dreaming by Moonlight," and the series of "Winter Thoughts" especially attract the writer's commendation. Of the latter, he says: "The first, 'The Dead Year,' is the truest specimen of the peculiar kind of writing it represents that we remember. Nothing could be more complete, more chaste, or more thoughtful—full of rich and reflective, yet simple illustration—than the charming reverie of winter. Its fellow pictures are as delicate, though perhaps none of them contain the same amount of brief and epigrammatic vigor of idealism and expression. We regard it as better than similar pieces of Longfellow and Tennyson—more natural, less eccentric—as full of meaning as feeling."

Amongst the most popular of recent books abroad has been Mr. Moëns' account of his cap-

tivity among the brigands. There is a vein of piety running through it which occasionally becomes nonsensical. For instance, he explains that he was deterred by a glance at his pocket copy of the Psalms of David from avenging himself effectually on one or more of his captors at a moment when, like the King in "Hamlet," but not through a similar occurrence, he or they were in his (Mr. Moens') power. Furthermore, says a writer in the *Liverpool Journal*, this spiritual stock-broker, whose spirituality I mock not, but whose odd mixture of piety and simplicity amuses me, expresses his regret that he could not induce the brigands and brigandesses to keep the Sabbath. Fancy trying to convince an Italian that it is a sin to commit murder after twelve on Saturday night, and that robbery must not be thought of till five minutes past midnight on Sunday!

A correspondent who recently wrote us for a sketch of the wife of Shakspeare, is referred to any edition of the poet's life, where all that is known of her may be found. Some three years ago Mr. Halliwell communicated to the *London Athenæum* a curious document which his antiquarian studies respecting Anne Hathaway had brought to light. The document is the deed of sale, in 1610, of what is called Anne Hathaway's Cottage, at Shottery, by William Whitmore and John Randall, to Bartholomew Hathaway, who then occupied it, and in whose family it continued until the present century.

The "Société des Gens de Lettres," of Paris, recently had a very stormy sitting. After the report on the situation of the Society had been read, some of the members found fault with the *Tresor Littéraire*, a work edited by the Society, on account of the ultramontane tone of its articles. A member of the committee, M. Michiels, went so far as to say that the committee purposely admitted the article in question, "in order to prepare the country for the return of the elder branch of the Bourbons." This statement produced an indescribable tumult among the members.

The *New Orleans Times* is a vast sheet, much the largest published in the United States. The Jackson (Miss.) *Standard* makes its Crescent city contemporary the following suggestion:

"The *New Orleans Times*, of Sunday morning, is a quintuple sheet—twenty pages. We suggest to our enterprising and well-patronized contemporary to curtail the size of his pages and add to their number, or, in other words, to publish a daily magazine of 160 pages. It would be vastly more convenient to his readers, and no additional expense. The auctioneers' supplement could take the place of an addenda or appendix."

Dr. Robert Vaughan, late editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, has received a testimonial of three thousand pounds.

#### MUSIC IN NEW ORLEANS.

In the department of music we have also very little, and can record but one musical entertainment in New Orleans. This was on Monday night, the 30th—a charity concert given in Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Mdle. Octavie Romey, an accomplished pianiste and successful teacher in the Crescent City, and Theodore Von La Hache, also a teacher of music. This concert furnished another proof of the music-loving character of our people, for the large hall

was densely packed with the better class of our citizens—crowded as full as it could be, in the gallery as well as upon the main floor. That it was the music alone which drew out this immense audience is evident, for, at the previous entertainments given for the same purpose—in aid of the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the war—but of a different character, scarcely one-tenth of the number were in attendance. We may safely infer, then, that charity had nothing to do with it in this instance, and Mdle. Romey, with her twenty-four young ladies and twelve pianos, can take the credit entirely to themselves. When filled, the hall presented a beautiful sight. Every seat was occupied, and still hundreds stood around the hall, wherever space could be found, and crowded the doorways, while even the ante-rooms contained a large number of gentlemen unable to see the performers, but yet within sound of the music. Mdle. Romey directed the instrumental, and M. La Hache the vocal part of the programme, composed of choice morceaux from the operas and standard authors. The evening opened with the overture to the "Gazza Ladra," upon twelve pianos, by twenty-four young lady performers. The execution was highly creditable, and the "time" excellent, though a close critic might complain of a want of accent, showing that, in their practice, more attention had been given to a performance in perfect concert than to the proper expression of the text. In the succeeding pieces—the overture to "William Tell," and the grand march in "Faust"—the music was rendered much better, leaving the inference that, in the first piece, the defect might have been owing to a want of confidence on the part of the young ladies. The last mentioned piece was particularly fine; and we can strongly commend, also, the performance of the excerpt from Auber's "Fra Diavolo." To our mind, the salient feature of the evening was the debut of a young amateur—one of the fairest and most accomplished daughters of our city—who sang several choice pieces with wonderful effect. Hitherto Miss Annie McLean has been unknown to the general public, and, we believe, this was the first time she had sang in the concert room. As the leading soprano in one of our churches, she had already attracted attention for the remarkable purity and clearness of her voice, and in private circles had won much *eclat*; but, upon this occasion, for the first time, she appeared to contend for the favor of the public. From the first she was a great favorite. Dressed in deep mourning, she presented a strong contrast to the others upon the stage, who were all in white, and this simple fact assisted in giving her the prominence to which her voice alone entitled her, of the prima donna of the occasion. Her first effort was the brilliant "Venzano Waltz," with its florid variations, which she sung in a style that would do credit to a professional singer. She has a fine soprano voice of large compass, very sweet throughout its range, and especially noted for the steadiness with which she carries the higher notes. She gives the thrill with wonderful effect for an amateur, but, like Madame Strakosch, is apt to use it too frequently. This was apparent in her singing on this occasion, and we hear it said of her by those who have heard her sing in private. It seems to come natural; but, as a critic on one of the daily papers remarked, we would warn her against a too great indulgence in the *tremolo*, especially while she is yet so young. Miss McLean was again called out, and, although at first not disposed to repeat, finally yielded to the importunity of the audience. All her songs were encored and loudly cheered. The fine ballad, "Beautiful Dreamer," was given with most bewitching sweetness and most touching expression, and in other morceaux she was equally successful—indeed, it was a successful and brilliant debut, and it was plainly to be seen that she had carried the hearts of that large audience by storm. Mdle. Romey also received her share of the enthusiasm, and at one point received a perfect shower of bouquets. At the close of the first part, Mdle. Amelia Capella, one of Mdle. Romey's pupils, presented that lady with a beautiful floral crown, a gift

from herself and companions to their beloved teacher. The entire concert went off well, and there was but one thing of an unpleasant nature—the length of the concert kept the audience until near eleven o'clock, at about which time, fearing to miss the cars, a large number left the room. In arranging a programme for a concert, this fact should be taken into consideration.

#### GLANCINGS AT FOREIGN JOURNALS.

We translate from a Parisian journal, *Le Ménestrel*, the following interesting extracts from a book recently published in Paris, entitled "Espagne et les beaux Arts, mélanges par Louis Viardot."

"An old friend of my mother's, wishing to give me a grand fête, as he was passing through Paris, took me one evening, after a good dinner, to the parquet of Les Italiens. "Don Giovanni" was performed. I need not tell you into what transports of ecstasy this marvelous music threw me—it being at that time so finely rendered by eminent artists. You know the music, and all praise is superfluous. I lost all sense of hunger and sleep. I had no desire except to hear it again. *En effect*, I went to that dear theatre, to hear the darling opera ten or twelve times. Not again to the parquet, surely: forty-four sous! How could I spend such a sum so often? But there was in the Salle Louvois, above the boxes and galleries a kind of deep niche called the amphitheatre. From that place one saw badly enough: the luster covered the stage, which was not perceptible through the dazzling light of the candles. But one heard very well: the harmony sounded marvelously beautiful at that distance. Besides there were a few side seats at the right and left where you were privileged with a glance upon the stage, and those seats only cost thirty sous. Thus they were very *recherché* for poor amateurs of my style. Upon those days I did not dine. That was saving twenty-three sous of the thirty. I put a few chestnuts and a piece of bread in my pocket, and as they say, *I amused hunger*. In this blessed amphitheatre, which should have been named paradise, I always found the same elect.

Eh bien! suppose that during one of those soirees of which the souvenir is so precious to me, that a fairy, a genius, an angel, any one that you please, provided that it was a being endowed with the gift of prophecy, had seated herself beside me, and whispered in my ear: "Regard well this theatre where you are so delighted to occupy, at the price of so much comfort, the most humble seat, this theatre of which you talk all day, and dream all night—for in a few years you shall be entitled as a writer to any seat that you choose, and also be permitted to go behind the curtain, and soon after, in consequence of a disaster, the direction of Les Italiens will be offered you. Then in your turn you can admit any one that you please, you can give operas according to your taste, you can distribute the different parts among the artists as you like, and have them performed before thousands of auditors. That is not all: you see that score of "Don Giovanni," which you read by stealth over your neighbor's shoulders? One day you will possess the original manuscript, written entirely in Mozart's hand, and you will refuse to give this treasure to crowned heads. That is not yet all; look at that great artist\* whom you applaud every night with transport, and whom you thank devoutly in your

\*Garcia